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ISSUE 254 /
AUGUST 2004

discorder

THAT "WHY YOU DIDN'T CALL ME?" MAGAZINE
FROM CiTR 101.9FM

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FRONT COVER

His name is Rocko. He is Blim's mascot. He is inspired by the late great "Kuma," family dog. He has strong teeth, and a good coat. His breath smells sometimes, but he is a good listener. Blim's director (Yuriko Iga) is also born in the year of the dog. Coincidence? I think not.

THANKS

Duncan McHugh
Lydia Masemola (for the pages)
Glenn Daigle & his trusty Samurai
Coffee & Sugar (lie)

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from the desk of...

KAT SIDDLE

So, first things first. Last month I said a bunch of things about the AMS, our ad ratios, and money. Some of which was highly inaccurate, and not in that tongue-in-cheek, "we drive a Hummer" way either. For one thing, the AMS has nothing to do with DISCORDER Magazine at all. The AMS are the nice people who employed me for three years at the best coffee shop job ever, even though I played loud music the customers hated and constantly gave people cat instead of decaf. I apologize for last month's misleading comments, and hope that the AMS continue their long tradition of patience with my mistakes. I'm sorry about giving people the wrong change all the time, too.

So where I said "AMS", I should have said "CITR Board of Directors." And furthermore, DISCORDER ain't going nowhere, so yob all can stop panicking. One thing you can do, however, is buy ads. Lots of ads. Big colorful ones! And if you're not a business owner, or a marketer, or someone with an urge to promote themselves for reasonable rates in a free magazine read by thousands (17,500!), there's a couple other lil'

favours you can do for us:

- 1) Keep reading the magazine! Send it to your friends in other cities. DISCORDER subscriptions make lovely gifts.
- 2) Get your lame ass off the couch and check out some of the bands, events, and galleries profiled herein. We don't pick these things at random, you know. If you're not sold on DISCORDER as an anniversary present, what about one-of-a-kind silk-screened underwear made at BLIV? By your very own hands, no less. Give them to your sweetie at the next Basement Sweets gig and she/he will love you forever.
- 3) Keep submitting your story ideas, comics, visual art, photos, short fiction and anything else you can think of. We're especially fond of baked goods involving seasonal fruits. Submissions can be sent by email to discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca or by snail mail to DISCORDER Magazine / 233-6138 S/B Blvd / Vancouver, British Columbia / V2T 2A5 / Canada. Volunteers can email discordervolunteers@telus.net. **D**

stut, flet and flicker

PENELOPE MULLIGAN

THE CREMASTER CYCLE

This five-course cinematic feast from New York-based artist Matthew Barney is so dense with signifiers that expecting viewers to swoon up on everything in advance would be a cruel joke. Besides, exegesis can hardly penetrate such an intense visual and aural experience, and as much as I appreciated the official press kit's meticulous blow-by-blow, I prefer to keep it on a long leash.

A few things are handy to know, however; that the cremaster is a muscle which regulates the height of the testicles; that the trajectory of Barney's gonads is a metaphor for many things, including psycho-sexual differentiation, the evolution of form and the progress of civilization; and that the artist considers Harry Houdini to be a kind of role model (transformation through escape). The latter may explain why Barney appears in all but one of the films — climbing, rappelling and tunneling in various guises and surrendering his body to all manner of strenuous and graphic rituals.

The films were shot wildly out of sequence, but since the episodes are linked by something much less esoteric to be called narrative, viewing order isn't really an issue. Nonetheless, Barney has laid

a network of connectors just below the surface and the signs pop up everywhere — whether we can read them or not.

Most obvious are shapes and substances, the blueprint for which is set in *Cremaster I* via a whimsical creation myth set in a football stadium in the artist's hometown of Boise, Idaho. Spheres, vulvic forms and while slime all recur with sometimes hilarious persistence elsewhere in the cycle. The dumbbell (the shape of cells dividing) is echoed more subtly in the bizarrely tiny wasp-waist of Gary Gilmore's grandmother and in the spectacle of two cars conjoined by an upholstered tunnel in *Cremaster 2* (for me, the most outstanding of the series).

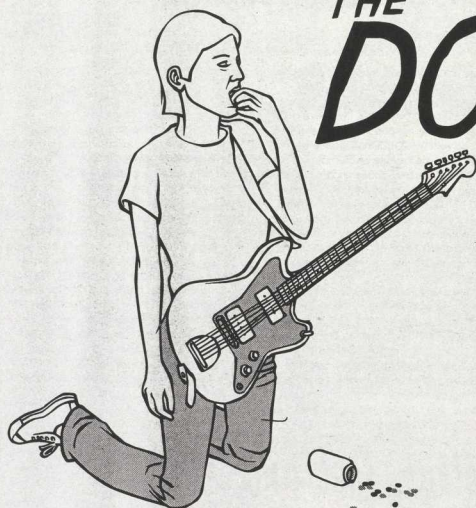
Characters are more slippery as they reappear, quantum-like (and often as something else). Barney's fascination with Gilmore for instance, and the famed murderer's claim to be Houdini's grandson lead to the escape artist's birthplace in Budapest, where the cycle ends. It's also where full testicular discension is achieved. How interesting that this should take the form of a tragic opera.

That this state is reached by way of several episodes which feel like *Fight Club* for the art-damaged only underscores

what a wild and varied ride the project is. *Cremaster 3* (the last to be filmed) is a three-hour conflation of Celtic myth and Masonic ritual centering on the construction of New York City's Chrysler Building (a phallic icon par excellence). Set in the granddaddy of cities and anchored by the predominantly male profession of architecture, this installment seems to be the most yang of the lot. Demolition debris, a trash metal unit and a chorus of men performing martial arts drills keep the testosterone churning until an abrupt cut to an arcone, Las Vegas-style review.

It's tempting to start making stylistic comparisons (from Greenaway comes to mind with his colour-coded formalism in *The Cook*, and all that cryptic incantation in *Drowning by Numbers*), but Barney is definitely his own man. Together with cinematographer Peter Strieman, he has created a flock of films distinct from one another in look and ambience, yet all hugely sophisticated in design and execution.

After hosting a packed-out run over six days in July, the **Pacific Cinematheque** is bringing back *The Cremaster Cycle* in its 405-minute entirety this October. **D**



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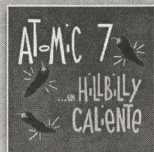
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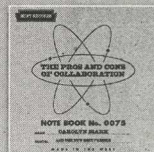
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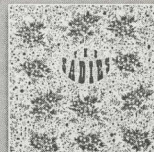
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Sometimes I ask myself, does anyone really care? Does it really matter what I think when it comes to these reviews? (Cue violin music.) Does it matter what the bands think of my reviews? Please won't somebody help meeeee... somebody please help me to understand why *VICE* Magazine continues to put out crappy music. Last month I gave some helpful advice that they chose to ignore, because now I have to tell them again: STOP. NOW. PLEASE. Honestly, this split offering is more than I can bear: **Homind** sound like a **Yeah Yeah**'s rip-off right down to the tortured female vocals and swing-style drumming, and **The Affair** are just boring, like, for real. Enough already. (www.vice-recordings.com).

Now some folks that really do care are **The Trekkis**, so much so that they sent me a copy of their new seven inch all the way from Jolly Ol' England, don'tcha know. The two songs here are pretty cool — first, "Mexican Road Movie" might go well alongside **Stan Ridgeway**'s "Mexican Radio" or **The Tijuana Bibles** "Mexican Courage", as they all have that similar way of bridging Saturday morning cartoon addiction with insanely catchy rock 'n' roll. "Inside Her Lies" has **The Groove Ghoules** inviting **The**



Cato Salsa Experience over for beer and B-movies, resulting in a complete **Nuggets** box-set size hangover. Definitely different and a breath of Brit-pop free air. (Face Value Records. www.facevaluerecords.com)

Outta Detroit, **Saturday Looks Good To Me** play the sixties pop sounds with great aplomb on their two song platter. "Until The World Stops Spinning" has a **Dusty Springfield**-fronting **The Zombies** vibe running through it, until the profanity slaps you upside the head. The flip has guest vocals from **Ko Shih** (of **The Knockouts** and **Dirtbombs** fame) doing her best **Holly Golightly** impression on "Hiding", which doesn't bother me one iota. Grab this one kids. (Lost Flame Records. 1638a North Astor Milwaukee WI USA 53202).

Pop perseveres on a split from **Ben Lee** and **Pony Upl**, with

the Aussie heartbreaker (Clare Daines, cat me!), crooning to the **Modest Mouse** hit "Floral On", even flubbing it mid-song (cheeky bugger), and French Canada's answer to **The All Girl Summer Fun Band** setting their sexual exploits to song with "I Heard You Got Action" (cheeky gals!) (Dim Mak/Ten Fingers Records, P.O. Box 348 Hollywood CA USA 90078).

Speaking of French Canada, **Montreal's Arcade Fire** are not some horribly named, let's-pick-two-sounds-out-of-the-dictionary-to-sound-cool emo band, but thankfully instead an impressive cross between the pop-nair of **The Dears**, and the boom-chik-boom-chik of **The Stills** on "Neighbourhood #1". The b-side is a quirky 1940's big band lune written by the grandfather of the guitarist, dedicated to his wife. They also get best design of the month, with cool hand-drawn, silk-screened covers and a sticker shaped like a feather. (Merge Records, P.O. Box 12235 Chapel Hill NC USA 27514).

And my last thirty-eight words are dedicated to **Les Savoy Fav**: with rockin' good news/they step inside Madonna's shoes/"The Sweat Descends" won't give you the blues/hit up Cold Crush Records/and that's it dude! **D**

FREE STUFF YOU QUITE OBVIOUSLY DESIRE

Apparently we're dispensing shwag again this month: **The Hives'** new CD, **Tyrannosaurus Hives**, including a "three button set" (their words, not ours), and the new **Sparta** CD, **Porcelain**, and a button (not porcelain, sad really).

Last time we were so overwhelmed with **Shreddies** box tops with all y'all telegraphing your desires for **Cure** paraphernalia, that we created a bubble economy of boxtops with prices reaching as high as \$400 a top, which is, frankly, ridiculous.



This time, in order to preserve the stability of the breakfast cereal market, we've opted for a fairer, and more reasonable method of free stuff distribution.

So ... send us a polaroid of you! Wearing clothes please.

Or, send us an email with the word "polaroid" in the subject heading, containing a picture of you. We can be reached at discord@club.ams.ubc.ca

That is all.

Two people will get CDs and buttons.
Will one of them be you?



Please hold back your tears. This is the last of it. This is the end.

My genius can no longer be wasted on entertaining those less fortunate. I am no longer a teen.

There are a number of reasons that I've decided to quit writing this column. First of all, I cannot tolerate being edited. If you will refer to last month's edition of this hippie publication, you will notice in the ninth line of the second paragraph, the hobo clowns decided to remove the apostrophe in the eighth word of that line. That apostrophe was part of my art, part of my being, part of Trioxidism.

I've decided to devote my life to Trioxidism. The Trioxids understand that I am

a genius and editing is for fat babies. I do what they tell me, and they have told me to quit. I no longer have the time. I no longer have the five minutes.

I would like to take this time to thank the people that have helped me understand my true beauty.

Extra extra super extra special thanks to Tom Verlaine (you're the one, Malasses Nutsock Popsicle), Bryan Adams (friends forever, Sweet Daddy), Kurt Cobain (see you after Trioxideath), Mop and Pop, my personal trainer (sorry, I forgot your name), my ex-publicist (I cannot mention his name for legal purposes), Das Carcass, Stephane Marais (make-up), Guido Palay (hair), Muccia and Manolo (wardrobe),

S.F. Albini (sound), Glacéau (water), EXPN (attitude), Bell Mobility, Yonex, Safeco, Frito-Lay, Tillest, Minox, Matchless, and the double power rios, S. Melcosky, J. Gradin, and D. Cathreal, and Mike Hoffman, Barbara Andersen, and Lyndsay Sung.

My true life begins now. I will be writing an autobiography and I will be recording. I might also be pregnant with either Andy or Leonard Cohen's child. I forget which one. If you wish to contact me, please do so. I will not respond.

Trioxidists unite and/or dissolve! The Trioxidist Movement is now! The time is now! **D**

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So You Wanna Be a Rock & Roll Star

By Jacob Slichter
Broadway Books

In this likeable memoir, Semisonic drummer Jacob Slichter recounts the band's microsecond of fame and their continuous struggle with the major label system. For those of you who don't remember Semisonic, they're the Minnesota three-piece responsible for "Closing Time," the song played at the end of every high school dance in 1998. Normally, I couldn't care less about a one-hit-wonder band that reminds me of tenth grade and that Now!z album. But this book isn't about Semisonic so much as the recording industry itself.

Slichter reveals a number of disturbing truths about the way major labels and corporate radio function. He describes the many ways major labels can screw you over, the shady monetary relationship between big labels and mainstream radio, and the narrow focus of the top 40 game. [Evidently, the wild experimentalism of Semisonic's non-"Closing Time" material just didn't fit in to any of commercial radio's diverse genres.]

Slichter is equally clearheaded when it comes to his own shortcomings. His charming lack of ego is the most surprising thing about the book, which starts off with our narrator, 32 years-old and unable to write a song to save his life, moving to Minnesota to pursue his blurry dream of becoming a rock star. He's hopelessly unfashionable, a bit awkward, and more interested in soul and funk than cool indie bands. He doesn't spend much time in rock clubs until he starts touring with two younger, cooler, more experienced guys as Semisonic. Then he spends most of his time fighting off panic attacks of stage. Disappointingly, his writing is much like his drumming: competent, but not brilliant.

After reading about all his insecurities as a musician, you want him to be a great writer. He's not. But he is willing to reveal himself honestly, which for some takes more courage than playing stadiums.
Kat Siddle

Take a Tin of Tuna

By Jole Warner
Chronicle Books

When I'm short on cash, and too lazy to buy food that expires, I eat tuna. And I'm not talking about sashimi. Between the summer I spent making six-dollar lattes for minimum wage and the time I returned from Europe with no money, I have become well acquainted with that most white-trash of canned fish.

Jole Warner's tuna cookbook is not meant for the poor or lazy. Her selection of recipes takes this humble standby out of the bomb-shelter and into the kitchen proper, turning it into one of those meats that, given the right seasoning, goes with everything. Truly, tuna is the chicken of the sea!

It is nice to see some recipes that depart from the usual poor/lazy tuna fare, but overall, I wasn't greatly impressed with this book. For one thing, Warner insists on using tuna packed in olive oil, which I couldn't find anywhere. Many of the recipes, as you may have guessed, are heavy on the oil, and when bacon is required, specifically call for Oscar Meyer. If you're going to do the whole product-placement thing, you might as well pick a decent brand! Guess tuna just can't leave its white trash roots behind. The book did have good photos, though, and a handy "table of equivalent measures" that I've looked at more than anything else.

Kat

Krazy & Ignatz in "A Kat a'Lit with Song." The Complete Kat Comics 1931-1932

By George Herriman
Fantagraphics Books

This is the greatest comic you've never heard of. At least that's the verdict from the cult fans of George Herriman's comic strip from the early part of the last century. Featuring the gender-ambiguous, black Krazy Kat and his Jewish nemesis Ignatz Mouse, Herriman's cartoon series takes on the social, sexual, racial and technological issues of the day as subtly or explicitly as he could at the time. Cartooning was in its infancy in the early 1900s, and Krazy Kat was groundbreaking not only in its art, but also in its depth of layered, hidden meaning and allusion to the issues of the day. In fact, on first scan the cartoons seem to have little point, and on the surface can be easily dismissed as the noodlings of a bored artist. It takes some time to let the layers of meaning begin to sink in, to begin to appreciate the nuances of the stories and the true relationships of the characters.

George Herriman was apparently of Creole descent, born in New Orleans in 1880. This was shortly after the official end of slavery in the south, but no doubt much of it remained in practice, so Herriman's family moved to L.A. when George was 10. Of course his "coloured" background would fuel much of the undertones in Krazy Kat, and Herriman played with Krazy's race, mostly black, but sometimes ambiguously white to suit a particular commentary. Krazy's foe was the mouse Ignatz, who on the surface was solely intent on thrashing the Kat with whatever brick was at hand, and tossing bricks at Krazy would become Ignatz's signature pastime. In fact many of the comic panels were devoted to the endless devious ways the clever Mouse would find to attack Krazy, and in Herriman's surreal world, happy-go-lucky Krazy found Ignatz's brick-tossing as a sign of the Mouse's love and affection for him. And that's just the surface cat-and-mouse-in-reverse game Herriman played with in his comics. Each cartoon panel is a mini work of art unto itself, with the ever-changing landscapes of the Arizona desert in Cocconino County serving as flavourful background for

Krazy's Kapers. Herriman was also a master of the use of language, and Krazy would often burst out in long sentences of patois-flavoured alliteration, which are pretty jarring at first, but like everything in Krazy Kat, you need to live with the comic for a while to let it actually sink in.

Krazy Kat was published in Randolph Hearst's newspapers from 1913 to 1944, and it was due to Hearst's direct influence that the papers ran the comic at all. In a testament to Krazy's cult popularity, Samuel L. Jackson apparently wears a Krazy Kat t-shirt in Pulp Fiction. It surprised me to find out how many Krazy Kat compilations exist—this one is devoted purely to 1931-32 and has the distinction of bearing Chris Ware's (Jimmy Corrigan) cover design. Inside, the cartoon art is dense and detailed, a sign of the times that takes some getting used to, but the book is immaculately put together by Fantagraphics in Seattle. If like me you're new to Krazy Kat in particular, and early 1900s cartoons in general, it may be better to start with a book devoted to the earlier incarnations of Krazy as a starting point, but this book won't disappoint if you have any interest in Krazy Kat at all.
Jbot

My New York Diary

By Julie Doucet
Drawn & Quarterly

Maybe you recognize her name from the Le Tigre song "Hot Topic." Or you've read her underground comic, *Dirty Plate*. Or you don't know her at all. It's no matter—the reprinting of this classic gives you a chance to discover the most compelling graphic novel you'll read this year. Dense, R. Crumb-esque visuals illustrate her social/sexual/romantic misadventures, all of which Doucet recounts with shocking honesty. While literary critics might disagree, in my humble opinion *MYND* ranks up there with Camus' *L'Étranger*, and Suskind's *Perfume: The Story of a Murderer*. Seriously, it's so good that I don't even know what to say about it. Thus, I have decided to let the art speak for itself:
Susy Webb





Living in Vancouver and enjoying city life I often find myself being asked the same three questions over and over:

1. Does the 99 B-Line stop here?
2. Where should we go for lunch?
3. What's the most underrated band in town?

Due to the location-sensitive nature of the first two questions I cannot answer them here, but I will answer the last one. The Basement Sweets is one of the most underrated bands in Vancouver. I have always been impressed by their unique brand of pop-rock songs filled with catchy melodies and hooks.

The Basement Sweets are: Kevin Scofield (drums), Daphne Locke (vocals/keyboard/bass) and Jesse Cullen (vocals/guitar). I spoke with the band recently. We didn't have lunch, but I did take the 99 B-Line to get there.

DISCORDER: You just released a new CD, *Falls Apart*. Are you happy with how it turned out?

Jesse: Yeah, although it's quite different from how we imagined it would sound. We had to rush it so there are some things that we wish we could do over but really, you could just go on forever tinkering and re-recording and end up sucking the life out of the songs. One of our favorite songs was left off completely because right before the CD went to press we realized that the recording just didn't have the right sound and feeling as it did when we played it live. I think we're mostly happy that we survived the recording process and are still talking to each other.

Kevin: We didn't have a lot of time or money, so you do what you can.

And the CD is doing quite well at CTR, the DJs seem to love it. It was #4 on the charts last week I think.

Kevin: It means a lot to have CTR playing it so much, especially in a town like Vancouver that's notorious for it's apathy towards music. Most of Vancouver reminds me of music mags like *Magnet*, where they're spending so much effort talking about bands/musicians who've been doing the same thing for 10 years as opposed to focusing on what's happening now. It's hilarious when you pick up a music mag and Guided By Voices, Sebadoh, or Superchunk are on the cover. Don't get me wrong, I like those bands and have lots of their records, but can we please move forward.

Jesse: Yes, thank god there's a self-respecting radio station left where the DJs still take bribes. We love CTR! You guys were also

the only station who played our first EP, *For Rent*. Oh yeah, please destroy your copy.

Was *For Rent* much different from *Falls Apart*?

Daphne: It's a different kind of sound then we have now, we've evolved quite a bit. And we've added extra instruments too. On that first one it was just drums, bass and guitar. And now there are a lot of keyboards. And it has changed the feeling to a certain extent.

What is the history of the band?

Daphne: We always disagree on the history of the band.

Jesse: Well, when Daphne moved to Vancouver she called me up and told me I was going to play guitar in a band with her. I was like, "OK."

Daphne, where were you from originally?

Daphne: From Ontario. I came out here to go to school. I knew Jesse from... well, we went to high schools nearby so I'd actually seen Jesse play in a couple bands when I was a teenager. When I came out here I didn't know so many people—I knew some people from home, and one of the people I contacted was Jesse. And I decided I wanted to learn to play bass. I'm still learning. [Laughs] What's next?

Jesse: Then we met Jeremy, our first drummer, and we started getting together jamming and fooling around with stuff out at UBC.

Daphne: We practiced and played in the common room. When I was in the grad program at UBC I met Jeremy Todd and we started practicing in the common room because there's a drum kit there. We started for fun; we didn't know what we were going to end up doing. But we stuck with it. That was three years ago?

Jesse: Yeah, about three years. And we just kept fooling around and then all of a sudden we got all these songs and we were like, "What should we do?" We should play some shows or do what other bands do.

Where did you play your first gig?

Daphne: It was at El Cocal.

Jesse: This Latin American restaurant on Commercial Drive where anyone can basically play a show there if you want to.

Daphne: We packed the place though, because I think our friends were so fascinated by the fact that we made a band and they were really curious about what it could possibly sound like.

Jesse: We made good money on that show too.

Daphne: And then Jeremy became more career focused. And he decided that playing in a rock 'n' roll band eventually wasn't what

he wanted to do. So he left us, for a year we didn't play very much. I was playing in another band and we were sort of in limbo because we didn't have a drummer.

I heard that was a funny story.

Jesse: We posted ads in personals. It was quite the gamble because we didn't know what kind of freaks we'd find. And we found Kevin. Kevin: I moved here from Victoria after playing in some bands and couldn't find anyone to play with. So I sort of took the desperate route and put some ads in, and was just plagued with phone calls because of the lack of drummers in town. And it was all either really bad or stuff that was good but not what I was into. And then Jesse called me, and I listened to some online stuff they have and I kind of liked it, so...

Daphne: Kind of liked it. He thought "I can improve this." [Laughs] **Kevin:** No, on first impression it's hard to tell. You don't hear something for the first time and then all of a sudden you're in love with it. Anyways, I went to their show and actually had to convince them that I wasn't a stalker. We went for about half an hour of talking before they realized who I was, even though I told them I was coming.

Daphne: I thought it was some weirdo who wanted to talk to us. But it was really funny because Kevin approached Jesse and then came up to me and said, "I really need to talk to you." I was like, "Oookaaay."

Lastly, why does everyone seem to say that Jesse reminds them of someone they knew?

Kevin: I don't know why Jesse looks familiar to people. Does he get that a lot? I've heard the Don McKellar resemblance from people before.

Daphne: I don't understand the "Jesse looks like someone else" reference. I've heard that from other people too. I think it's nonsense. Jesse's like Jesse. I think that most of the similarities I've heard are a stretch to say the least.

Jesse: Everyone with a big nose looks the same.

The Basement Sweets' new CD, *Falls Apart*, is available at your finer local record shops. Visit thebasementsweets.com, although the dom thing is under construction. For the time being, check them out at newmusiccanada.com, or at live at the Railway Club August 25. **D**

BLIM GALLERY: COMMUNITY ART IS THE NEW DOTCOM! BY SUSY WEBB

Everyone knows who Bill Gates is. Yeah, yeah, you're saying, that dweeby rich guy who started Microsoft. SFW? Well, what you don't know is where he got the seed capital to begin designing personal computer software way back in 1975. Most people think he had a supportive family or something, but they're wrong. That's just a story his PR people made up later on so he wouldn't embarrass them. Young Bill Gates got his start by running a café/performance space, turning over massive profits by hosting experimental modern dance while serving vegetarian tapas and rare Indian tea blends.

Yuriko Iga, director of the Blim Gallery located at 600-23 West Pender Street, is well on her way to similar fame and fortune. Iga graduated from the Alberta College of Art and Design in 1995, and moved here in 2002. When her favorite venues shut down (namely the Sugar Refinery and the Blinding Light — RIP), she thought "maybe I should just make a place for other people to come to." Sounds simple, doesn't it?

Blim is self-consciously different from the standard art gallery. According to Iga, "I'm trying to have an 'artless' gallery as much as possible, while still having a lot of creativity going on, but not being so concerned about the final product being a means to sell." She sees her space as a "DIY centre," rather than a traditional gallery, which primarily exhibits art for sale. Along with visual exhibitions, the gallery hosts unusual events such as the screenprinting Workshop every Wednesday, and the Art Market on the third Saturday of every month.

Blim Gallery is a venue for aural as well as visual art. The space hosted Friday night's Secret Radio, and is visited regularly by touring acts that might not fit in too well at the Brickyard or the Cobalt. Recently, Blim has hosted Montréal's Vitaminsforyou (Intro Version Records) along with Ghislain Polier and Montag. Vancouver's own Circlesquare (labelmate to The Rapture on Output Records), and Secret Mommy. In selecting artists, Iga strives to curate music that is unusual and experimental, pushing the borders both technically and aesthetically.

Historically, Blim is the natural progression from Iga's first venue: Kismet, a café/gallery she ran in Calgary. The space was a platform for graduating art & design students, and also hosted a weekly audiovisual event called Squibb. In Iga's words, "I felt artist-run centres had too much red tape to get a show, so we created a space where artists could show their work. Squibb was a weekly venue of experimental music, where we would have rotating artists and musicians collaborating randomly on different projects. I would get one artist to do the visual component of each night, and a musician to do the musical portion." At Blim, most music events are accompanied by a visual component, created either by Iga herself (under the pseudonym "BunnySoldier"), or another local artist. At laptop shows, the atmosphere is one of respectful concentration; Iga aims to have all attention on the performer, "like a movie theatre except for sound." Of course, the welcoming Yellow Room is open for conversation and socializing.

Yuriko has a long-standing collaboration with Calgary collective The United Congress. Fronted by artists Richard Farand and White-Field Senato, the collective curates a unique

gallery in Calgary, the Office, a 10-foot square window space in a prominent shopping district. White-Field (who has one of the coolest names ever) uses the space to work in, creating a continuous performance project. Richard Farand is currently living in Vancouver, and shares studio space with Iga. Together, they executed Blim's unique layout and design, and continue to inspire each other creatively.

DISORDER magazine attended the screenprinting workshop — you know, for purely journalistic purposes. There the gallery allows participants to use silk screening, heat transfer, and print gocco (a Japanese full-colour printing process) materials for the measly price of \$5 per hour (!). Iga describes the concept of the Workshop: "It's like one of those paint-your-own-pottery places, except cooler." She facilitated the process with practiced ease, demystifying the process with casual grace. With Iga's help, our work reached rare levels of pioneering artistry; for example, glow-in-the-dark t-shirts featuring Steve Ukel.

The Workshop is a place for artists, designers, and laypersons to use equipment they don't have themselves. Creations made at the Workshop, as well as other local, hand-crafted items such as jewellery and ceramics, are available for sale at the Art Market. Iga describes this event as "a platform for young designers to expose their stuff, and get their things out there. It's for people who, for whatever reason, aren't ready to go to the stores right away. We try to steer away from traditional craft market items," highlighting pieces that are a bit more challenging and innovative.

Future plans for Blim include opening up the Workshop concept to musicians as well: having an AV studio available for rental. There will be screenings of underground and obscure film ("Film"), as well as more performative events. This unusual space does things that no other gallery in town does, and is worth exploring and exploiting.

Who among you is so crass as not to miss those delightful little laptop shows at the Sugar Refinery? Who doesn't have a cherished image that, despite hours of scouring Main Street, will never appear on your beloved boyfriend's boxer shorts? Who isn't absolutely dying to make their own full-colour Christmas cards using Japanese print-making technology?

For Iga, "It's most important to draw people, because it is a weird concept. It's not normal in any way." Bill Gates said exactly the same thing about personal computers way back when. And look where he is today! Better to get on track with Blim now. The IPO could happen any day, and close connections with Yuriko Iga may be the only way to know exactly when to offload your stock.

The August 7th weekend will be a big one for Blim. On the Saturday, local Julian Fane (on London's Mu Records) will be playing along with Cat Pants. Sunday will see Growing (Krank Records) joined by Sinola Caves and Loscl. I'll be there — just look for the glowing Steve Ukel. The place can be hard to find but is worth the search — it's in the penthouse of the old BC Electric building, on the NE corner across from Tinseltown. To register for the Workshop, email blimbim@telus.net.



For Iga, this gallery embodies a lifelong passion for fantasy and creativity. As she told me, "Blim is the home of my imaginary animal kingdom that I lived in for a good portion of my childhood. It was a place where my stuffed animals could exist. If we paint-free, you could drop them and they wouldn't get hurt. It was a positive existence in Blimbim. In some ways, with this project, I'm reclaiming that loss."



When Fake Cops came out with their debut EP (now available as a split 12" with Black Rice) Absolutely your Credit is Excellent, but in a Certain Way we also Need Cash, it was more than just their name and the album's cheeky title that turned heads. This Calgary four-piece beats you bloody with their unusual blend of art-punk vibes, sledgehammer riffs, and abstract lyrics, along with a Devo-esque electro feel that leaves you wondering "WTF is going on?" Certain CTR members have been swooning for Fake Cops, prophesizing their explosion, stunned by a sound that hasn't been heard from these parts in...well, ever.

DISCORDER: Now, to get us started, usually, if I research a band and I use New Music Canada, it disappoints. But I used it for you guys and your top five influences were, well, quite revealing as to the nature of Fake Cops. Number One... do you remember what you listed as number one?

Ian: Um... (pauses) Makeup? James Brown? I can't remember Devo?

Actually, I would have guessed Devo. But it was Suprematism!

Ooh, that's right, yes!

I didn't know what it was...
So you looked it up?

'Course I did! I was scared it was a military "ism" and thought, goddamn, those Calgary people! But I got a quote from Kazimir Malevich from 1913...
Yes! The founder of Suprematism!

Yes. And he said, "Suprematism is the rediscovery of pure art that, in the course of time, had become obscured by the accumulation of 'things.'" Now, how do you think that applies to Fake Cops?
[Laughs] Well, I think it applies pretty closely. We're all content with trying to make as much music as we possibly can and follow as close as possible to our dream of doing this.

Your second listed influence, and I wrote a giant question mark beside it, is "Magic Brain".

[Laughs] If you don't get Magic Brain or don't know about the Magic Brain phenomenon, it's difficult to explain. Magic Brain is a funk band from Montreal... sort of a hippie funk band. There's not much of a reference to them on the Internet but keep an eye open for them. They're sort of our Eastern soul mates. Sort of bongo driven, Volkswagen driving...

That's not really how I picture Fake Cops, at all. AT ALL!
[Laughs] They're kind of our mirror image. The dark mirror!

You guys are bizarre Magic Brain!
We're the reverse, I think. The evil twin.

The third influence was Jean Dubuffet. I found a quote from him from 1951: "Personally, I believe very much in values of savagery; I mean: instinct, passion, mood, violence, madness." Now, you know how bands sometimes have labels describing the band on their CD? You should have had this quote on your label!
Yeah, you know what? I might steal that idea, actually! That's pretty good. That sort of describes the visceral, animal quality that comes across live.

Jean Dubuffet was anti-art and anti-culture, the art-brut thing. Is Fake Cops closer to that?

Well, that's why I'm reluctant to be put us under the art-rock sort of thing, in a lot of ways I feel like we're too heavy-handed, too crude. I feel like we sort of stamp over everything. When we play shows with other bands I feel like we obliterate everything. Kind of an anti-art... sort of, "bring in the tanks" kind of thing.

I find that I can't compare you to anyone and be fully accurate.
Thank you!

I've heard you guys be described as a "mental earthquake" in a live review, and I feel like that's the most accurate. What do you think?

Well, I can appreciate that. Sometimes I feel like I've experienced a bit of a 7.5 playing in this band, and I've definitely seen that affect on

Well, now you have to list them for me.

[Discusses with Brooker Buckingham (bass and vox)]
Um, Booker suggests the cauldron full of hot oil. I like the Roman tortoise, where they all bond together and put the shields on their heads...

That's not medieval!

Booker says the Trebuchet.

So, how do these apply to you?

[silence for several moments]

Wow, I'm gonna have to reach pretty far for this one. I think we can compare it to some aspects of our song writing technique. Sort of "fortification under siege". Honestly, I wouldn't want to divulge anymore of our arcane song writing processes than that. They're pure bevel. We fight every song out. It's like we're hammering it out like blacksmiths.

[Both laughing] My God. It sounds sort of... barbaric! Maybe it's related to influence #5, "red wine".
Yes, definitely related!

I have to ask: is red wine allowed in Calgary? Do they sell it?
Only in sparkling version. You have to get it in coolers. Barbarians!

I heard something happened with the real cops at your last show in Vancouver?
The so-called "real cops" showed up and busted our Underwear Farm show.

Did they say anything about your band name?

Well, whenever possible, I try to avoid telling them. I was actually arrested four months ago because I looked like somebody else. It was a case of pure mistaken identity, where I was wearing the sarouff as somebody else, walking three blocks from the scene of the crime. And they held me up for an hour in the cruiser and when they finally asked the name of the band, I said Magic Brain!

What were you wearing?

It was winter so I was wearing a toque and a brown parka and black jeans...

A ski mask...

[Laughs] A metal brassiere! I could hear over the radio: "suspect has black toque, brown parka, black jeans"... my god. I was only two blocks from the jam space. For my alibi, they called Jordan, the guitarist in the band. And I spored you the experience of talking to Jordan because he talks very, very slowly. So the cop called him, and asked, "Was Ian just over at your house?" and Jordan's saying, [long pauses between the words] "... Well, that depends..." And the whole time, I'm just watching the back of the cop's neck go red, and I was just like, "Jordan, get to the point, pleaseeeeeee!" The cop was getting more and more frustrated, but eventually Jordan admitted that yes, I was there.

That's a great story... when is your next show in Vancouver?
Tentatively August 2nd.

It'll be there, dancing. Or attempting to in a metal brassiere! D

by Parmida Zarinkamar

people who are trying to dance to us. Which we fully appreciate! Full kudos to those who try. We should hand out medals.
Influence No. 4: "medieval military strategies" I never thought this would come back and bite you in the ass, did you?
I've been waiting for this interview!



UNDER THE VOLCANO

by ELLE JAMES

In the 1940's, Malcolm Lowry penned his novel *Under the Volcano* while living in a squatters shack at the water's edge in Dolartan, BC. The spot was called Whey-ah-Wichen, "facing the wind" and is now known as Cates Park. The park has been a gathering place for 3,000 years; the Tsleil-Waututh First Nation used it as their summer camp, and thousands of hippies gathered there in the '70s for music and arts festivals. Some twenty years later, the Under the Volcano festival would begin there, named in respect for the counter-culture heritage of the site, and the long history of artists, squatters, and First Nations using the forested land.

On Sunday August 8th, the park will host the 15th annual Under the Volcano, bringing together 8,000 people in a non-corporate cultural event to celebrate art, music and progressive politics. Fifteen years ago, the first UTV event brought in 300 people. As Meegan Maultsoid, a long-term participant in the UTV collective says, "We must be doing something right."

Along with Meegan, I talked with Irwin Oostindie, the festival's founder, and asked them how it all began. In 1988 Irwin helped to start a non-profit society called Youth Art Works, opening up youth-run arts centres in North Vancouver and Gastown. They soon discovered that gig production fees were exorbitant, and organised an outdoor protest gig to demand better access to community spaces. Irwin saw how easy it was to organise an outdoor gig, and made the move to formalize this into an outdoor youth music festival in a park.

The UTV collective chooses a theme each year and builds a focus around pertinent campaigns and movements. Some previous themes have been 'Cultures Of Resistance' (where they highlighted The Black Panther Party and activists from the Navajo Nation); 'Rhyme & Resist' (political hip hop); 'Fight To Win!' (fighting the Liberal agenda). With this year's theme of 'illegal', the festival's artists and speakers will address issues of illegal occupations, both in Canada and internationally, focusing on detention and deportation, the history of US "interventions", and post-9/11 security culture.

Meegan tells me that each year they make a wish list of speakers and musicians that they would like to involve. "We do a lot of research to find underground/political artists. We listen to what people from different communities suggest. And we also take submissions, though we rarely choose bands that way. Since a lot of us in the collective are also active in the local and national music scene, we tend to do year-round work to track down interesting artists. We also have a mandate to make sure the roster is diverse and represents a lot of different communities. We don't just program what we want to see, but

what we know will create a balanced festival."

You won't find UTV selling out and turning into a leftist Lollapalooza. "Cultural resistance comes in many forms", says Irwin Oostindie, "and a community must support and nurture these resources. CTR, Coop Radio 102.7 FM, www.resist.ca, magazines like *Cover Action Quarterly*, and films like *The Corporation* keep us sane and informed. With House of Blues and Ticketmaster virtually strangling live music in North American cities, people have a choice to build and support parallel structures for information and culture. It is always hoped that some crew is going to check out the festival and say, hey, let's do that in Surrey, or let's get together and start printing 10,000 copies of our own newspaper."

"Eighty-five years ago," he continues, "Vancouver had ten daily newspapers, of which four were communist or anarchist. Today CanWest Global controls the news. OK, so we know it, let's fucking get on with it. As long as there is corporate control of these sources of information and shareholders who want escalating profits we don't need to cry about it. We just need to build a parallel structure where working class people—basically anyone who works for a boss—have some accessible alternatives. It's not the mass media's job to question the elite, it's our job to let people know why to shut off the TV, reject the sexism of *The Georgia Straight* and *The Nerve*, and do shit that's healthy for our minds and souls."

Belladonna, the MC from Toronto's Dope Poet's society, sent samples of her work to Meegan as soon as she heard about the festival. "I think it's important for artists interested in social change to interact with and reaffirm each other's work as well as to share and gain new perspectives across the country." She hopes that, in addition to sore feet from plenty of dancing, her audience will leave with a sense that their opinions, thoughts and actions do have an impact. "I want the audience to walk away talking," she says, "even if they're talking about how much they hate me. The point is to open a dialogue, generate ideas, seek solutions."

For Belladonna, this year's theme is a strong concept, "illegal for me is synonymous with undesirable or disapproved. The term 'illegal alien' comes to mind. The concept of lawfulness is determined by those in power for the greater good of their class and their general interests. I am illegal in that I am undesirable to the current power structure. I think about the strict application

of laws governing marijuana use, immigration or something as simple as smoking in bars. Then

I think about the inadequacy of our laws governing domestic violence, child sex crimes, police brutality. All of these things are designed to maintain the current power struggle and disregard things which affect the powerless. I hold myself accountable solely to the ultimate law of compassion that makes me lawless in the eyes of the conventional legal system."

Paul, from CyberRaj, who mix traditional Indian sounds with break-beats, isn't quite as clear how he fits into the theme. "One thing I do understand though, is when I travel abroad to DJ or play, I get the sense that because I'm a permanent resident I could easily be thought of as 'illegal' even though I have lived in Vancouver for over 20 years."

Festivals like Volcano are the most important festivals there are," says Jay from Chilliwack punk band New World on Fire. "Especially as big business interests continue to wage a marketing war to overtake and sell anything that seems 'alternative.' Without festivals like Under the Volcano offering the art and artists that they do, minus the corporate sponsorship, nobody would know anything except the \$10 dollar Warped Tour lemonade, and branded billboard punk rock bands... it would be a sad state of affairs."

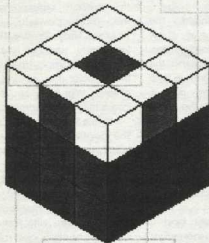
Malcolm Lowry received many rejections while trying to get *Under the Volcano* published. In January of 1946, the discouraged but determined Lowry wrote to his publisher about the book: "The novel can be read simply as a story which you can skip if you want. It can be read as a story you will get more out of if you don't skip. It can be regarded as a kind of symphony, or in another way as a kind of opera—or even a horse opera. It is hot music, a poem, a song, a comedy, a farce, and so forth. It is superficial, profound, entertaining, and boring, according to taste. It is a prophecy, a political warning, a cryptogram, a preposterous movie."

I think he'd be pleased to come back to the site of his former squats and see that 8,000 people were celebrating illegalities under the name of his work. ■

For full listings of artists and events go to <http://users.resist.ca/~volcano/index.html>

YOUR GUIDE TO THE RECORDING CLUB

by David Barclay



THE RECORDING CLUB ROSTER:

The Barcelona Pavilion

The recording club's flagship group brings a lethal mix of academics, straight talking and aggressive partying. Armed with a laptop, bass guitar and equal parts gang vocals and call and response segments, the Barcelona Pavilion questions the hierarchy of performance and music. One of their cited influences is the semiologist (studier of signs and symbols) Ronald Barthes, who proposed that semiology was a element of linguistics rather than the more intuitive inverse. Uh, yeah. In the Barcelona Pavilion's case, the proposition casts performance as part of the music with dancing, yelling and having fun as integral components.

Despite the group's love of high-academicism, their message comes across loud and clear. Such tracks as "How Are You People Going to Have Fun if None of You People Ever Participate?" and "Tidy Up Tidy Up" are focused to the point of preaching. Although the first comments on general scene attitudes and the second discusses the banality of putting away the rice cooker when you're finished with it, both songs are essentially about the same thing: Stop thinking and talking. It is much better to go ahead and do it.

With the attitudes of academia and simplicity freely mixing over catchy party music, the Barcelona Pavilion have achieved several accolades including a John Peel session, a spot on the Rough Trade's Counter Culture 2003 compilation and the undying love of Carl Wilson (not the Beach Boy but rather the Globe and Mail music correspondent).

Les Mouches

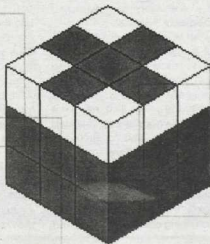
This distinctive act is based around the songs of Owen Pallett, a strings player with an impressive resume. He has played with Jim Guthrie, The Hidden Cameras, Gentleman Reg, Royal City, Picastro and others. Although Les Mouches is dramatically different from these groups that practically define a southern Ontario regionalism, it would be more appropriate to think of the music as a tangent rather than a new idea altogether. In two releases, Les Mouches covers the grounds of "Panic Folk"/"Avant-Folk" where temporal qualities are put before everything else, including melodic content and form. However, unlike contemporaries such as Xiu Xiu, Les Mouches weaves strong guitar playing, strings and horn arrangements into distinctly Canadian country and western elements.

Hank featuring The Hank Collective

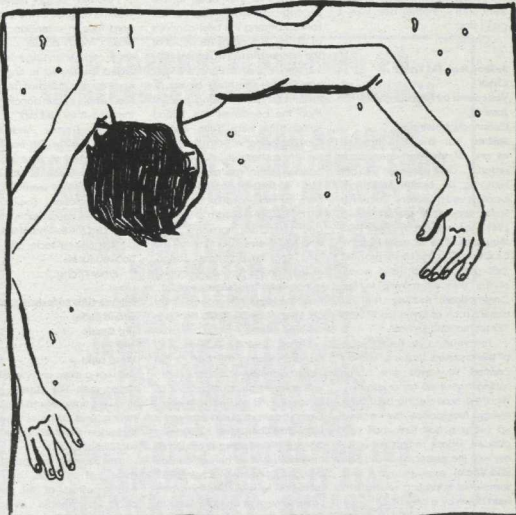
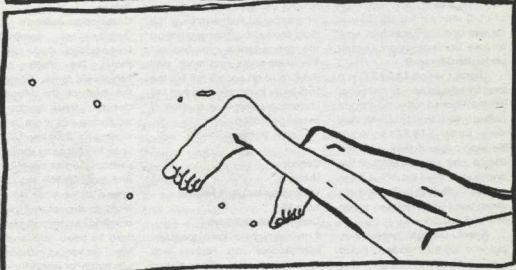
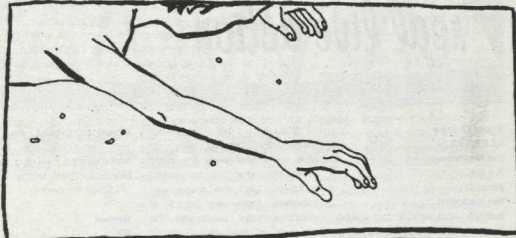
Horne-recorded and drunkenly fun, Hank's music is everything you would expect from a young British immigrant, disgruntled and probably yet excessively friendly. Hank (not his real name) has accrued a surrounding group of vocalists and like minded shameless partiers to form his eponymous collective. This has resulted in live shows featuring slideshows, backdrops and fine shout along versions of their hit "I Do Not Like Getting Fucked Over by my Friends". The lead track from their first CD "Danes In Peril" is a true summer anthem full of guitar jangle and a fatally contagious chorus sung with Hank's more-than-pleasant old world accent. **D**

RECORDING CLUB Discography:

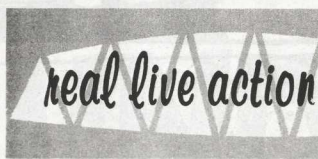
- 013 Ninja High School - "We Win!" CD EP
- 012 Hank feat. The Hank Collective "How to Prosper in the Coming Bad Years" CD
- 011 Hank feat. The Hank Collective "Ackrill/Venning '91" CD
- 010 Les Mouches "You're Worth More to me than 1,000 Christians" CD
- 009 Bob Wiseman "It's True" CD
- 008 BLOCKSHIT/ONTARIO/COMPILATION/III CD
- 007 Animalmonster "Mighty Magnificence" CD-R EP
- 006 Les Mouches "Blood Orgy" EP
- 005 The Blanket "Songs of Love" CD-R single
- 004 The Barcelona Pavilion "It's..." EP
- 003 The Phonemes CD
- 002 Matias "Sucks" Cassette
- 001 The Barcelona Pavilion EP



Kick around august 2004
Scott Mallin



thanks to block



Agent Orange
S.I.R.E.E.T.S.
The Excessives
Jak Uz

June 20
The Brickyard
Jak Uz were terrible, but I liked them a lot. **The Excessives** were also terrible, and I didn't like them at all. It seemed like Jak Uz was for real and **The Excessives** were fake. Don't get angry, I barely understand it myself.

I hadn't seen **S.I.R.E.E.T.S.** in a long time because I just got out of jail. They looked fatter. No, I'm just pulling your dang. I just wish they were fatter. **S.I.R.E.E.T.S.** would be way cooler if they were fat. They'd also sound better if the one guy ditched the SG. Is there a point to playing guitars without single-coils? Don't think so, unless that's all you got.

Agent Orange were neat, but who are they kidding? Blood doesn't stain, nothing is grey, and **The Oslipings** are way better. Sorry, that's another killer joke. I can't stop.

Christa Min

Bullfrog feat. Kid Koola
Crash

Vancouver Int'l Jazz Festival
June 25
Commodore Ballroom
Bullfrog has been recognized as one of the best live bands around, and opens **Crash** featuring Dr. Lonnie Smith are locally loved musicians. Dr. Lonnie Smith apparently being named 1969's top organist by **Down Beat Magazine**. True to expectations, **Crash** and the Doctor set grooves that got the best (and worst) of the dancers moving in the Commodore, whuffling deaf to classics such as "Who Dat?" And "Yo Mama Ain't No Hot".

For years, I've heard tales of the craziness that is a Bullfrog concert, so I was sure I was selling myself up for a lulu. What I'd expected to be a high energy funk/dance fest, ended up being a half funk, half soul concert, whose main saviour for me was the presence of Eric San (**Kid Koola**), even though it was somewhat frustrating seeing him held down by a band.

The presence of **Kid Koola** seemed to be both a blessing and a curse for the new Bullfrog, since much of the recognition of the band now rests with him. Even still, guitar/singer/songwriter Mark Robertson made it clear that "he's known as Eric San in this band".

Though the sold-out Commodore crowd was still able to dance away the night (even slow dancing on several numbers), and the music was excellent, there was an air of disappointment regarding the absence of their MC (I heard several strangers questioning his whereabouts). Furthermore, as the night moved on, talking among the concertgoers drowned out the music more and more, and the lack of an encore felt like the final blow to an evening that felt underappreciated as a result of overexpectation.

Soren Brothers

Calexico
Thasa
Vancouver Int'l Jazz Festival
June 28
Commodore Ballroom

If my first night of the Vancouver International Jazz Festival was one of the more disappointing concerts I've ever been to, my second night of the Jazz Festival ranked among the best concerts of my life. Having never heard of the opener **Thasa**, I was pleasantly surprised by a mysterious singer who seemed to have an equal, if not stronger following present than the headliners did. Failing somewhere near **Edith Piaf** or **Cesaria Evora** in both style and presence, **Thasa de Selapout** on an entirely passionate performance that spanned emotions from pure joy to humiliation to sorrow, which felt like a breath of fresh air after seeing so many live artists who limit themselves to either the "too cool for emotions" scene, or the "angry" scene (of course with a few notable exceptions). And besides, how good must an opener be to have her own sizeable encore?

After seeing Calexico at Richard's during the band's last visit to Vancouver, I admit that I was somewhat apprehensive as to how they'd deal with the larger Commodore, but all I can say is that Calexico have it. Leaving out the limited, chunky vocals of their last concert here, Calexico brought out their mariachi-inspired art rock in full, beautiful form, and I'm simply in a loss of words to describe the spectacular details that they can attain without compromising a fully loud, rock sound (or vice versa, that matter). Ever versatile, Calexico also switch up styles and songs just enough to keep the attention high for everyone present. I can't say much more about

Calexico, except that they're fast becoming one of the best, well-rounded live and recorded bands out there today.

Soren Brothers

Gomez
Wil
July 16
Commodore Ballroom

Despite the derailment of Lollapalooza, and losing tourmates **The Thrills** and the **Polyphonic Spree**, Gomez made the best of the situation and decided that Vancouver was worth the trip. Fans had been waiting for their latest Gomez CD since the February show. Tonight, perhaps Gomez met their musical soul mate in **Wil**, the Canadian opener of the night. Not knowing what to expect, Wil played an amazing set of roots rock. It was hard to keep your eyes off of him... for various reasons. [Ed: So was he hot or what?]

Gomez or go home. That was the attitude of the many die-hard fans in attendance. There wasn't much banter during the set except when singer Tom Gray urged the crowd to sing louder, early on, he said that he wanted the "whole room dancing". And they did. They sure did.

After Gomez ended their set, the guys at the front of the stage spared no time in bowing down with arms stretched out in a "we're not worthy" gesture of appreciation. I was in full agreement: Gomez is not an acquired taste. Kind of like heroin or kissing: one taste and you're hooked for life.

Emily Khong

Suicide Girls Burlesque Show
Grand Buffet
The Gossip
July 14

Mesa Luna
This was a night of many firsts. I'd never seen **The Gossip** before, and I'd never been to a Burlesque show either, and was somewhat curious.

We arrived to the sold-out show just in time, and were flabbergasted at the weirdest array of people ever seen mingling together. There were the lesbians, the gals, the punks, some "Mack's Leather" types, some uptown kids on their way to The Plaza, some barely-legal-trucker-hat kids, some very normal looking people, and a few [JRLA Editor's note: But we totally represented, if you know

what I'm saying.]

The Gossip began their set with tiny front lady **Beth Ditto** describing their fears of playing a 19+ show, as they usually rock it out with the kids. And I can see their point. While more than just my small group of friends were dancing, if it had been an all-ages show, the crowd would be bouncing off the walls. Or maybe it was just that crowd in particular? Whatever it was, they were just as brilliant, just as effervescent as I thought they would be. [Only one song from *That's Not What I Heard?*! Come on, people!]

The highlight of their too-short set was the closing song, the epic "Light, Light Sleep" from *Movement*. Beth held her own, solidly belting out the high and low notes, transcending the simple range we hear in most garage songs. Naffan (guitar) and Kathy (drums) were just as awe-inspiring, tight and cohesive.

None of us had heard of the second band, and none of us knew what to expect. Two guys walked on stage. One looked like a bizzaro **Spike Jones**, wearing an intense, angry look and a t-shirt with a giant picture of hands praying. [To be exact, I believe the shirt read "It's me again, LORD."]. The other, much larger gentleman was wearing a jersey and a trucker hat bearing the legend of Jack Daniels. Behind them was a poster of [a giant CORONA bottle, with "ICE COLD" written beside it], to which they frequently referred and revered during their set.

They began rapping, the first song about the kind of people who were going to hell, interspersed with props to "Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour". Then, they took a three minute break between songs for seemingly homophobic ranting. We looked back and forth at each other in utter disbelief and aggravation.

But as they went on, it became clear that these nerdy, homophobic and womanizing Evangelist rappers were not quite what they seemed. First clue: the religious banner became Socratic. Second clue: they mentioned that they opened for **Wesley Willis** a year ago. Finally, what made the whole show worthwhile: the lyrics got funnier and funnier. Soon we were laughing our asses off, a friend of mine mumbling repeatedly, "Genius!"

But apparently, not everyone got it right away. One woman got so mad that she stopped them and tore the mike away. Practically leaping off the mouth, she yelled that they were assholes, [white supremacists] and homophobic and a thousand other exclamations, ending with "get off the stage!" They humoured her for a second, then stopped to explain, "You see, there's this thing called IRONY. And a thing called SARCASTIC. And

something called HUMOR." [This is after the one dude responded to her criticism by pulling a tiny Gumby figurine out of his pocket and screaming about how much Gumby rules.] Genius!

Finally, by midnight, the **Suicide Girls'** burlesque show began. The most humorous thing, at least for Kim and I, was that this was the worst possible venue for a burlesque show. The only people who saw anything, to the huge dismay of the crowd on their tipsy toes, were the people in the front row and the people viewing the show from the top restaurant area. So perhaps mercifully, from our stools we could only see to [above] their chests.

It was bad. Really bad. I expected it to be somewhat classier, but it was basically gothic looking gals doing cheap crotch and pseudo lesbian brushing against one another. Some classic songs like "Mrs. Robinson" were ruined for me, and Kim now shudders when looking at two of her preferred films, *Reservoir Dogs* and *The Graduate*. [seriously... a girl with a stuffed g-string and a bad dye job DOES NOT equal a nineteen year old Dustin Hoffman... not even in a hilarious way.]

We left as quickly as possible, with **AC/DC's** Thunderstruck in the background. Thankfully, **The Gossip** are coming again in August, without a bad burlesque show in tow.

Paminda Zainkamar
[Kimberley Day]

27th Annual Vancouver Folk Music Festival
July 17
Jericho Beach Park

High young artworks are always surprised when I recommend attending **Folk Fest**. But those that go soon realize it's not just a festival for old folks. Hip-hop, electronic and spoken word round out the acts to capture the allegiance of young festivalgoers.

There's not much I like more than dancing on grass with sunny skies and ocean vistas. As I quelled my urge to bust into ineptly dancing moves to the Turkish rhythms of the blend drums accompanying **Mercan Dede** (Djing as **Arkin Allen**), I noticed a 60ish woman sensibly covered from head to toe in white getting into the groove, while in my '90s **Cure**-wear bounced around. The only dancer was when Dede attempted to transport us from Turkey to Ibiza with saccharine highs.

Mexico City's **Los de Abojo** [those from below], picked up the pace, getting the crowd dancing to their zestful horn-spiked mix of ska, cho cha, merengue and more.

Beats of another kind were provided by **War Party**, an

Aboriginal hip-hop group from Alberta who, rapped about some of the problems facing First Nations people, particularly those living on reserves. **Res Smalloy**, the group's creator, provided the most powerful delivery, whereas lady **Cynthia Nicolefine-Smalloy's** stylings needed a little more oomph. However, with their crucial themes and catchy phrases, War Party could mature into a truly noteworthy act.

Kimie Star is already fabulous. She captivated us with her toe-tue rhymes about artists struggling to pursue their vocations without material gain. "We work, strive, push ahead in our lives," twice I saw her perform the groovy "Red x," which starts with First Nations women chanting, and moves on to Starr rapping in English, French and Spanish, with the woman-warrior lesbian brushing against one another. Some classic songs like "Mrs. Robinson" were ruined for me, and Kim now shudders when looking at two of her preferred films, *Reservoir Dogs* and *The Graduate*. [seriously... a girl with a stuffed g-string and a bad dye job DOES NOT equal a nineteen year old Dustin Hoffman... not even in a hilarious way.]

The accordion-wielding **Geoff Berner** got everyone laughing with his unflinching city outlining actions of the Vancouver police, such as "The Vancouver police jailed a human rights lawyer because they thought he might have a pie / Well he must be a pretty dangerous guy," concluding "This leads me to believe something might be wrong with the Vancouver police."

Wordsmiths **Shane McGee**, **Barbara Adler** and **Mike Koyczan** had everyone appreciating their lyrics in a spoken word session. The strange **Al Mader** did a stream of consciousness thing with his hockey stick double bass. This is just a brief sampling of what I saw in 10 hours. I recommend you see for yourself next year.

Cheryl Rossi

Reverend Horton Heat
The Forty Fives
July 17
Commodore Ballroom

After a high energy but so-loud-nothing-was-intelligible set by opener **The Forty Fives**, the man we all came to see came out: the good, the great, the freaking awesome **Reverend Horton Heat**. Here to rock us with his retro rockabilly sounds and punk attitude, the Rev. blasted away with a loud, pounding set showcasing all the wicked musicianship of Heat bassist Jimbo Wallace, and Scott Chirula.

All your favorites were featured, and a few surprising rarely heard gems, as when Heat started off his encore with "Where in the Hell Did You Go With My Toothbrush?"—one of my personal favorites. And the Reverend also delivered a sermon explaining his vision for a world with less bullshit crowd rapport, encouraging everyone to start replying to the old standby "How y'all doing

tonight?" with a resounding "Fuck you!" Amen to that.
Vampyra Draculera

Scissor Sisters
The Fitness
July 21
Richards on Richards

I wish I could say I remember more from this night. I remember this show was beyond sold-out and the crowd was eager to drink and dance. Maybe too eager in my case. I took notes but I can't flickin' read them. Oh well - here goes...

My new favourite band, Seattle's **The Fitness** opened up, kicking it off with "Phone Sex," which can only be described as mah... velous! Last time I saw them, my friend thought they were saying "with a coufflower" rather than "a calling card." Ahahah!!! Singers **Tom** and **Bree** thrusted at and basically grinded each other and it was so cute. I love Bree's Brit-sounding, cigarette-pouty vocals over top of the bouncing Nintendo-ish beats and noises encouraged by **Adam** and **Rebekah**. 10 dance party tunes, including a **Molley Crue** cover, and they were done. "Gianni V" and "Chaufer" have dominated my mental soundtrack for the last few days. Sigh... Did I mention that The Fitness are my

new favourite band?

The **Scissor Sisters** are already scheduled for a September show. Better be ready for that! I felt like I was at a **Bee Gees** show during their prime. These New Yorkers got the harmonies, the beats and they dress all flashy; basically, they got it all. You definitely have to go to the show unless you're able to disco in your room... by yourself. Personally, I just can't.

They opened with "Take Your Mama Out" and I know they did "Mary" and "Tilts on the Radio" but the rest is a colourful blur. Singers **Jake Shears** and **Ana Matronic** partied it up on stage. Oh, and they covered "Comfortably Numb"! Thanks to Jason from N.Z. who reminded me that **Pink Floyd** did that originally! Haha. I love shows like this where you'd feel dumb and out of place if you're not dancing. And you wouldn't feel out of place in purple sequins! You only wish you'd been here.

Natalie Vermeer

Sonic Youth
Wolf Eyes
July 13th
Commodore Ballroom
Part A - by Susy

To me, a good band channels divine energy, bringing god down to the rest of us. Michigan's **Wolf**

Eyes did the exact opposite: their noise experimentalism was an exercise in pure evil. My sister and I clutched each other in horror, staying put only out of devotion to **Sonic Youth**. We quivered in aural agony, bathed in blue light and surrounded by pretentious hipsters (badly) taking enjoyment. These dudes should stop playing shows and keep their music confined to dank crawl-spaces, and sell it to the makers of horror films, which I will not watch.

Part B - by Duncan

Sonic Youth is still **Sonic Youth** and even though I found their latest release, **Sonic Nurse**, a bit boring, I was looking forward to seeing them again. They started the show with an extended version of "I Love Golden Blue," which kicked off a very **Sonic Nurse**-heavy set. In fact, other than "Schizophrenia," "Bull In The Heather" and "I Love Her All the Time," all of the songs (as far as I could tell) were from their latest album. For a band that's been around for more than two decades, that's a bit disappointing. [To, Duncan, the encore was "PCH" from 1987's **Sister** and "Making the Nature Scene" from 1983's **Confusion Is Sex** - Susy]

Aside from the song selection, the energy of the show seemed a bit lacking. Maybe it was the early

start, maybe it was the potency of the local marijuana supply [maybe it was the evil energy created by **Wolf Eyes** - Susy], but the band wasn't as energetic as they were a couple of years ago. **Thurston** in particular seemed a bit out of it [maybe that's why **Kim sang** three quarters of the songs].

On the upside, their live show is still better than most bands'. And their stage design, featuring five giant lightboxes, was pretty cool. I guess I just expected too much. **Duncan McHugh & Susy Webb**

III
Hint Hint
July 25
Sonar

Vancouver's most fashionable were selling themselves with excitement at the news of that band that plays that one rad song they hear at Shine Friday nights and the Marble Arch Saturday nights playing **LIVE** at **SONAR**! Black polka dot dresses and vintage pink heels were the attire of choice for many, as Sunday night in Vancouver featured an event worth going to.

The first band to play to the decked out crowd were frequent Vancouver visitors **Hint Hint**. Though rumours highly favour

the band, their performance was no more than decent, as — aside from the drummer and keyboardist — the energy was low and the music wasn't anything remarkable. The vocalist made up for the absence of an instrument by playing up a "bad boy" image, spitting on the stage, defiantly pulling the mic stand around, and sporting a generally angry facial expression. He pulled out the big guns about halfway through the set, taking his glass and throwing it to the floor of the stage. The glass landed right on his foot, but he didn't even flinch! Now that's what I call rock 'n' roll.

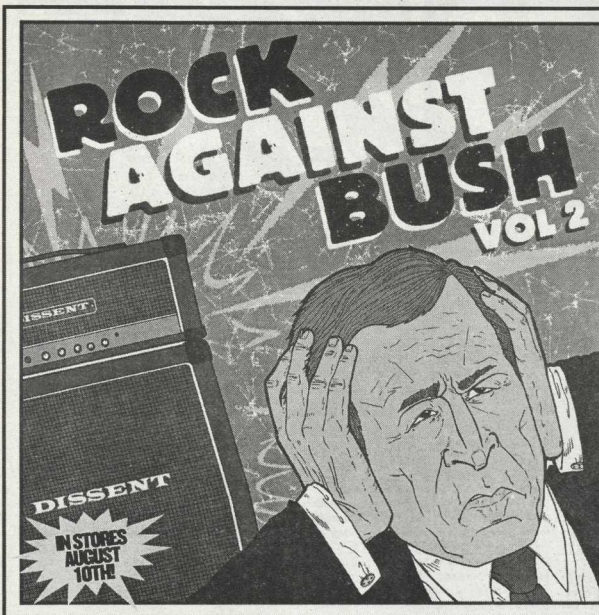
Smashing glasses became a bit of a theme at the hot and potentially odorous **Sonar**, and it was finally done right once **III** took the stage. The band's singer, **Nic Offer**—sporting a recently cultivated mane of curly hair—didn't even warm up, he just hit the stage and immediately began dancing harder and louder than I'd thought possible. The dancing was highly contagious, and as **Nic** went from one person to the next, in the front row and elsewhere, dance mania spread throughout the crowd. He even attempted to play the

too-big-to-be-natural muscle-clad bouncer american dollars to dance, but the bouncer stood his ground and refused, only to be compensated by a generous **Nic**, who rubbed his ass all over that bouncer until he couldn't rub no more.

III played song after song with minimal banter and maximum song extensions. They maintained an amazingly high level of energy despite dancing themselves into a frenzy and thrusting their hips into many an unsuspecting face. The true glass-smashing finally occurred when **Nic** climbed onto a speaker and showed up **Mr. Hint Hint** by throwing his glass down and smashing it into smithereens, showering the crowd with lethal shards that thankfully missed everyone's eyes.

The night was ended with an intense, sped-up "Me and Giuliano Down The Schoolyard", followed by "Intently". **III**, claiming to have played every song in their current repertoire, left with no encore, but such a great show left no room for disappointment. Besides, any more time spent in the disgusting heat of **Sonar** would have inevitably brought about the death of many... and we can't stand to lose the young and beautiful, right?

Kimberley Day



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under review

Authority Zero

Andiamo
(Iava)

How fitting that Arizona's **Authority Zero** release their second full-length just in time for summer—under the blazing sun and the clear blue sky, it feels right at home.

The record starts off with a few melodic tracks which attempt to reel in the mainstream crowd, but this disc is for more varied than these songs would have you believe. AZ offers a palette of summer-y styles ranging from SoCal and surf to ska, mariachi, and street punk (there's even a hardcore breakdown thrown in at the end of "A Thousand Years of War"). And somehow, it mostly works: the album maintains consistency without confining itself to any particular genre.

Andiamo's packaging and presentation suggest a theme of revolution, but that idea is just part of a larger thematic subtext. The lyrics deal in large part with feelings of oppression and helplessness. Eventually, a message of self-empowerment emerges, expressing the positive impact that you can have through your own actions. Lines like "You want a revolution? / You've got to make a difference on your own," and "Want a brighter day? / I believe that you'll find a way," help to hammer this point home.

Even ignoring any of that, the tunes are solid in themselves. **Sublime**-influenced "Madman" is danceable, "Society's Sequence" will please any **Pennywise** fan, and "Chit Con Crudo" is a south-of-the-border instrumental chillout. While "PCH-82" is a mediocre finale, the fun bonus track makes adequate amends.

Andiamo is a logical growth from Authority Zero's debut, *A Passage In Time*, that sees the band diversifying and expanding their scope. Crank this disc up while you can—soon it'll be out of season.

Simon Foreman

Landing

Sphere
(K Records)

Sphere has the feeling of a good night's rest, full of dreams that probably mean something, but are just beyond comprehension. Like **My Bloody Valentine** or more recently the **Mean Red Spiders**, **Landing** concentrate on the subliminal aspects of musical beauty. Unlike these other bands, however, **Landing** has embraced a more expansive, atmospheric sound over the wall of noise. This leads to compositions that sometimes sound like background noise and feedback with a natural, flowing rhythm, repeating ghostly vocals, and very few (if any) pauses. Without any drastic changes of pace or texture, this can make for a difficult listen if you're looking for your latest work-out or party album, but can be perfect for a Sunday walk in the rain, or a long, relaxing drive.

Soren Bros

Nectarine No. 9

I Love Total Destruction
(Beggars Banquet Records)

Remember the track that ran over and over again in the elevator ride up to the dentist's office? The guy who crafted that fuzzy, monotonous tune disappeared years ago when his creation was replaced by a looped **Tina Turner** cassette, but, to the delight of waiting-room receptionists everywhere, he has mysteriously

turned up in Glasgow.

Trusting that any public that gives the thumbs up to hi-tops would welcome the sweet sound of recycled guitar, he slipped in a few of his tedious tracks on the latest **Nectarine No. 9** release. Everyone in Scotland had been distracted while **Franz Ferdinand** faced off with **Belle and Sebastian** in a deadly pub brawl, so the change went completely unnoticed. The **Nectarine No. 9** were for too busy lovingly cutting-and-pasting their cute DIY album cover and tapping out their esoteric stream-of-consciousness manifestos on attic-dusty typewriters to care about the quality of their album.

Treading the line between quirky and uninspired, their sprawling lyrics cover the few decent tracks that survived. The vocals are bright and poppy, which is surprising, considering the constant themes of war and pencil. Here the vocals trade off in moaning backgrounds and cutting nasal barks to make a catchy impression, although the melody lines and cheery guitars are predictably repetitive. Not even fusedword-forced-psychedelic names can make this easy-listening apocalypse memorable, as half of the songs are so boring they actually delete time. In fact, I seem to black out for each of these instrumental tracks, and when I come to, my apartment is trashed. I love total destruction, indeed.

Joceline Andersen

Secret Mommy

Hawaii 5.0
(Ache Records)

So Vancouver isn't Olympia. So Vancouver isn't Portland. SO FUCKING WHAT? Do they have mountains? No. Do they have the ocean? No. You know what else they don't have? **Andy Olson**. From d.b.a. to **The Red Light Sling** to **Ache Records** to **The Chemistry Design** to **Secret Mommy**, this naughty little North Van native has been kicking' out the jams (uh, yeah) in our city since the tender age of 12. **Secret Mommy's** latest EP is an electronic ode to the Hawaiian holiday, featuring samples ranging from steel drums to ice in a blender to Andy's family exploring a pineapple forest. Squelchy, **Matos**-esque beats pull it together into a joyous summertime record, perfect to blast from your car enroute to lakes, beaches, hikes, picnics, or any combination of the above. Another thing about Olympia and Portland: while they may be bad, they're in AMERICA. Although so is Hawaii, and it's pretty nice there, as one would gather from listening to this delightful album. Look out for a feature on Andy and his work next month.

Susy Webb

John Smith

Pinkie's Landromat
(Peanuts & Corn Records)

Local heads better know what time it is at the mention of **John Smith**, because homeboy is simply dope on the mic. On **Pinkie's Landromat**, JS represents North End, Winnipeg to the fullest. In nearly every song, there's some clever reference to the green sticky icky. There is even a funny skit about a North End grow-op recently busted by the cops. The solid beats, produced and recorded by **McEnroe** here in Vancouver, remind one of quality underground beats from '95-'96. The recording keeps a crisp digital quality but retains the ruggedness of dirty loops recorded directly on to cassette tapes, and there are

no filler beats. Show some love and support for Canadian hip hop by picking up this CD.
Frank Liao

Chris Stamey

Travels in the South
(Yep Roc Records)

Ken Stringfellow
Soft Commands
(Yep Roc Records)

"Daddy, who are Chris Stamey and Ken Stringfellow?"

"Well Bobby, they were the creative forces behind the **dB's** and the **Posies**."

"Who were the **dB's** and the **Posies**?"

"They were two of the most underrated pop groups in rock. Both were strongly influenced by another underrated pop group, **Big Star**."

"Why were they underrated Dad?"

"Well son, in the music business having some of the smartest, catchiest songs around just can't guarantee a hit."

"If those groups were so good why aren't Mr. Stamey and Mr. Stringfellow making music with them?"

"You see Bobby, sometimes commercial failure can exacerbate tensions already existing amongst band members. Other times, people just like to step out and experiment with different sounds and styles."

"Will these men finally be famous Dad?"

"Not likely, Bobby. Solo projects like these rarely bring in new fans. It's really just the diehards that will seek these records out."

"Is that because the records are bad?"

"No, it's the lack of the energy and immediacy that was present in their early work."

"Dad, I just have one more question: why are you writing a review like this?"

"Well son... I wrote two separate reviews that would take more time, and we all know how lazy your father can be, right?"

Ian Gormely

finding joy



by Luke Ramsey mebane.com

datebook

Sunday 1
StinkMitt @ The Lick Club

Monday 2
Mecca Normal @ Café Deux
Soleil
The Rums, The Witness
Protection Program, Hejira,
Fractal Pattern, Misunderstood,
Swingset Champion @ Mesa
Luna, All ages.

Tuesday 3
Misery Signals, Bury Your Dead,
Cry of the Afflicted, A Javelin
Reign, Sleeping Girl @ Mesa
Luna

Wednesday 4
Burning Brides @ Richard's on
Richards
The Notes From Underground,
Mongoose, Stars are Here @
Railway Club

Thursday 5
Thanksgiving, Y.A.C.H.T. @ The
Astoria
The High Dials, Jets Overhead,
Navillera @ The Media Club
Black Rice, The Witness
Protection Program @ Mesa
Luna
Supersuckers @ Richard's

Friday 6
Critical Thinking hip hop crew @
Heritage Hall
Mount Erie, Thanksgiving,
The Poison Dart, Laura Veirs,
Y.A.C.H.T., The Watery Graves,
Kali Blau @ Department of
Safety (Anacortes, WA)

Saturday 7
Pink Mountaintops CD release
party with Destroyer, the Battles

@ Anza Club
Gordon B. Inzer, Jacqueline
Rendell @ El Cocal

Sunday 8
The Under the Volcano Festival
of Arts and Social Change:
Aboubaçar Camara &
Daoudounba, Euphrates, New
World on Fire, The All Purpose, The
Gossip, Dope Poet's Society @
Cates Park (North Van.)

Monday 9
At Risk, In Your Face, Inside @
Video-in Studios

Tuesday 10
David Byrne @ Centre for
Performing Arts

Thursday 12
Video Kill (underground music
films/videos by mostly local
artists/filmmakers/bands,
including new works for Radio
Berlin, Black Mountain, They
Shoot Horses, Don't They?, The
Organ, Páno, Bakaite, Channels
3 + 4, performances by Bakaite
and Primes) @ Video-in Studios
They Might Be Giants @ Richard's
on Richards
The Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash
with Rich Hope @ The Media Club

Friday 13
Sebadah @ Richard's on Richards
The Diskettes, Ashtray Boy @ The
Main

Saturday 14
Bocephus King CD Release Party
@ The Media Club
The R.A.D.I.O., My Project: Blue,
The Weather, Gordon B. Inzer @
Butchershop Floor

Sunday 15
Dickies @ The Brickyard

Monday 16
Patti Smith @ Commodore

Tuesday 17
The Wyrd Sisters @ St. James
Community Square

Wednesday 18
By Divine Right, The Waking Eyes
@ The Media Club

Thursday 19
The Organ @ Mesa Luna
Andy Stochansky, Motion
Soundtrack, Mark Petersen @
The Media Club
The Accidents, Iolite/teeth/
Iolite/teeth, Channels 3+4, you
say party we say die! @ The
Brickyard

Saturday 21
Leeroy Stagger, The Miniatures
@ The Media Club
Aaron Booth, Alan Piggins, Ida
Neilsen @ The Butchershop
Gallery
Radio Berlin, Black Mountain,
The Floor, Frog Eyes @ The
Brickyard

Monday 23
Black Dice, Animal Collective @
MesaLuna, All ages.

Tuesday 24
Almea Mann @ Commodore

Sunday 29
Dear Nora, Cynthia Nelson, The
Diskettes @ Campoverdel Suxl
(2763 W. 7th)

charts

AUGUST CHARTS

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
01 CINCH*	Shake If You Got It	Drinap
02 III	Louden Up Now	Touch and Go
03 ORGAN*	Grab That Gun	Mint
04 TIJUANA BIBLES*	Fists Of Fury	Indie
05 PINK MOUNTAINTOPS	S/I	Scratch
06 A.C. NEWMAN*	The Slow Wander	The Blue Curtain
07 SIXTOD*	Chewing On Glass And Other Miracle Cures	Ninja Tune
08 FEIST*	Let It Die	Arts and Crafts
09 ATOMIC 7*	En Hillbilly Caliente	Mint
10 BARRYMORES*	All Nighters	Bacteria Buffet
11 RJD2	Since We Last Spoke	Definitive Jux
12 REVEREND HORTON HEAT	Revival	Yep Roc
13 TO ROCO ROT	Hotel Morgen	Domino
14 BTU's	s/t	Indie
15 FRENETICS*	Grey Veins To The Parking Lot	Union 2112
16 OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER: 15 YEARS OF MERGE RECORDS	Various Artists	Merge
17 FORTY FIVES	High Life High Volume	Yep Roc
18 CHAMPION, ALBERTA*	The Silk Purse	Indie
19 JOEL R. PHELPS/THE DOWNER TRO	Customs	Moneyshot
20 LOSCL*	First Narrows	Krunky
21 BELLE AND SEBASTIAN	Books [EP]	Rough Trade
22 FEANISTS*	anything you can do	Indie
23 ANIMAL COLLECTIVE	Sung Tonga	Fat Cat
24 JONATHAN RICHMAN	Not So Much To Be Loved As To Love	Sanctuary
25 BLACK DICE	Creature Comforts	DFA
26 TRACY AND THE PLASTICS	Culture For Pigeon	Troubleman Unlimited
27 THE SILVER MOUNTAIN REVERIES*	Pretty Little Lightning Paw EP	Constellation
28 BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE*	Bee Hives	Arts and Crafts
29 FANCIE*	Fancy	March
30 HIGH DIALS*	Fields in Glass EP	Rainbow Quartz
31 I AM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER	The Cover Up	Cammon
32 COMETS ON FIRE	Blue Cathedral	Sub Pop
33 TRELUK	Mexican Road Movie	Face Value
34 BOOM BIP	Corymb	Lex
35 NOUVELLE VAGUE	Nouvelle Vague	Peace Frog

AUGUST INDIE HEROES.

- 01 3 Cent Hero
- 02 Third Place Hero
- 03 Harmless Heroes
- 04 Wednesday Night Hero
- 05 Oppose the Hero
- 06 Synthetic Folk Hero
- 07 The Unsung Heroes
- 08 Far From Heroes
- 09 All Purpose Voltage Heroes
- 10 Magical Glass Heroes

VENUES

anza club 3 w, 8th ave
brickyard 315 corall
butchershop floor 195 e, 26th ave
café deux soleils 2096 commercial
cellar 3611 w, broadway
cobalt 917 main
commodore 668 granville
lotus 455 abbott
the main 4210 main
marine club 573 homer
media club 695 comble
pat's pub 403 e, hastings
pic pub 620 w, pender
pub 340 340 comble
railway club 579 drummuir
richard's 1036 richards
sonar 66 water
WISE hall 1882 adanac
mesa luna 1926 w, broadway
video in studios 1965 main

RECORD SHOPS

active pass records 324 w, hastings
audiophile records 2014 commercial
bask records 217 w, hastings
beattreel records 3-712 roban
black swan records 3209 w, broadway
crosstown music 518 w, pender
highlife records 1317 commercial
nazel records 540 seymour
red cat records 4307 main
scrape records 17 w, broadway
scratch records 726 richards
zulu records 1972 w, 4th

GRAVY FILLED FRENCH FRIES



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on the dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ear open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae inna oil and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE OIL
3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
3:00PM-5:00PM OIL

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from the local and international Latin American communities.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING OIL
5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ OIL
5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM
6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMINDIA
8:00PM-12:00PM

RhythmIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhangras, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANSCENDANCE
10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in procreating the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <trancendance@hotmail.com>

THE SHOW
12:00AM-2:00AM

Cant sleep? Need to stay awake? Here is the healthy alternative to coffeine... The Mutha'uckin show is on!! Join Hedsipn, P. Kulkarni and special guests as they deal doses of hip hop and info of the urban scene in Vancity. Guaranteed to keep that head nod-din' to the early mornin'.

MONDAY

FILL-IN
4:00AM-8:00AMBREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS
8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

DISORDER RADIO ONE OIL
11:00AM-12:00PM

Wanna hear the music that drives the Disorder war machine? Supplement your monthly magazine with an aural dose of that super-sonic magazine from CTR

MOSHPIE EIGUETTE
11:00AM-12:00PM OIL

It's punk!

ALT. RADIO
12:00AM-1:00PM

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN
1:00PM-3:00PMLISTEN TO CTR
AT
101.9 FM
OR
ONLINE AT
WWW.CTR.CA

Underground pop for the minutes with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE
3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. <sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscles. Surprises galore.

STRAIGHT TALK
5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio about local, national and international issues. WHAT YOU WILL GET ON STRAIGHT TALK: smart, informative, current, provocative radio... WHAT YOU WON'T GET: fence sitting, conspiracy theories, reflex anti-Americanism, or fluff.

SON OF NITE DREAMS OIL

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION OIL
6:00PM-7:30PMMY ASS OIL
6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albin, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO
7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW
9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features of 11:00, as listed.

August 2. A classic recording from tenor saxophone great Sonny Rollins, marking his return from a two year sabbatical from public performance. Amazing Rollins with his co-star Jim Hall on guitar. Sublime Sounds from "The Bridge"

August 9. "New Formulas from the Jazz Lab" A fine working band led by trumpeter Donald Byrd and alto saxophonist/composer Gigi Gryce was one of the best groups of the fifties. Tonight their most rarest document, never released in North America. Spert, elegant and swinging jazz.

August 16. Baritone saxophonist/composer Gerry Mulligan Recorded with everyone of note from Pat Desmond, Stan Getz to Thelma Houston, but one of his most rewarding collaborations was with the great Ellington altoist Johnny Hodges. Warmth, swing and lyricism abound.

August 23. One of the first extended performances or the then new long playing record was this one done in 1950 by the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Extended performances of Ellington standards never before put on a record. "Masterpieces by Ellington" is indeed a masterpiece!

August 30. "The Jazz Crusaders" were one of the best bands of the sixties, loved by the people and ignored by the critics. They became frustrated with the jazz categorization and became more commercial in the seventies. Here they burn and cook and get funky in this live date recorded in 1968... Joe Sample, Wilton Felder, "Slix" Hooper and Company are at their Jazzical Best Tonight!

VENGANCE IS MINE
12:00AM-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts--thank fuckin' Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAYS
3:00AM-6:00AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organic at

CITR BROADCASTS AT 640 WATTS 24 HOURS A DAY. TUNE US IN AT 101.9FM, Club 23 (23 West Cordova) every Friday.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'
6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHERED VOICES OIL
8:00AM-9:30AMFILL-IN
8:00AM-9:30AMTHIRD TIME'S THE CHARM
9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll. Deafening the most dangerous criminal! <bonedivine@hotmail.com>

LIVE HERE, WORK EVERYWHERE OIL
11:30AM-12:00PM

CJLY - Kootenay Co-op Radio profiles 30 creative enterprises in Nelson with markets and clients worldwide.

MORNING AFTER SHOW OIL
11:30AM-12:30PMREAL TO REAL OIL
12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN
12:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING
2:00PM-3:30PMEN AVANT LA MUSIQUE OIL
3:30PM-4:30PM

«En Avant la musique se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux ou sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

TANSI KIYAW OIL
3:30PM-4:30PM

Tansi Kiyaw is Michif-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello, how are you?" and is a monthly indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows-I'm Metis!) the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, even listings and ideas. Megewelt!

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN
4:30PM-5:00PMWENER'S BARBEQUE
5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD
6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punk, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, ya. flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO
8:00PM-10:00PMTHE LOVE DEN OIL
10:00PM-12:00AM

<sweden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM OIL
10:00PM-12:00AM

escapism n. escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Sahyicon.
<DJSAhyicon@hotmail.com>AURAL TENTACLES
12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN
4:00AM-7:00AMSUBURBAN JUNGLE BACK ON
7:00AM-9:00AM

ENGAGING THE WORD?

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE
10:00AM-11:30AMANOIZE
11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meati infiltrates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE OIL
1:00PM-2:00PMFOR THE RECORD OIL
1:00PM-2:00PMDEMOCRACY NOW
2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY OIL
3:00PM-5:00PMCycle-ethic rock and roll
3:00PM-5:00PMRUMBLETONE RADIO OIL
3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES
5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. <www.necessaryvoices.net>

<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY OIL
6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY OIL
6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Correen.

PRIMAL
8:00PM-9:00PM OIL

A sex positive fortnightly news magazine, hosted by Maura Ingraham. <www.primatadio.net>

JUICE BOX
9:00PM-9:00PM OIL

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! <www.juiceboxradio.com>

FOLK OASIS
9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a mirage! <folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
11:00PM-2:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM
2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN
4:00AM-8:00AMEND OF THE WORLD NEWS
8:00AM-10:00AMPLANET LOVETRON
10:00AM-11:30AM

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder. Robert Rotos drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanish. <rtolove@earthlink.net>

FIRED UP
11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Marci show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/bachelor pad or car. Ok, maybe not the car. Wouldn't want to spill anything on the upholstery.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES
12:00PM-1:00PMSTEVE AND MIKE
1:00PM-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (a bit of hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW
2:00PM-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music

CABLE 101.9FM OR LISTEN TO US ONLINE AT WWW.CITR.CA

with Robin.
RHYMES AND REASONS
3:30PM-5:00PM
 DJ knowone slows over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways. Strong Bad and the occasional public service announcements.
ena_workey@yahoo.ca
LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD
5:00PM-6:00PM **all**
 Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!
PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY **all**
5:00PM-6:00PM
 Viva la Velouria! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!
www.bikesexual.org
OUT FOR KICKS
6:00PM-7:30PM
 Now in it's 15th and final year, your most reliable source for indie Pop. Thanks to all the regular listeners over the years! Tune in for an entertaining farewell tour.
ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR
7:30PM-9:00PM
 The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.
ripitup55@telus.net
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
9:00PM-11:00PM
 Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month's listings are still TBA, except for:
 Aug 12- Lodie's Night
WORLD HEAT
11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via owidie@telus.net.

LAUGH TRACKS
1:00AM-2:00AM
FILL-IN
2:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAY

FILL-IN
4:00AM-8:00AM
CAUGHT IN THE RED
8:00AM-10:00AM
 Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.
SKA-TS SCENE-1K DRIVE
10:00AM-12:00PM
 Email requests to: sktska_1@hotmail.com
THESE ARE THE BREAKS
12:00PM-2:00PM
 Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground Hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.
RADIO ZERO
2:00PM-3:30PM
NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS...
3:30PM-5:00PM
CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND ARTS
5:00PM-6:00PM
 A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

THE NORTHERN WISH
6:00PM-7:30PM
AFRICAN RHYTHMS
7:30PM-9:00PM
 David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and

old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HOMELESS
9:00PM-12:00AM
 Hosted by DJ Naah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.
I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES **all**
12:00AM-2:00AM
THE ANTIDOTE **all**
12:00AM-2:00AM
THE VAMPIRE'S BALL
2:00AM-6:00AM
 Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Drake's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

FILL-IN
6:00AM-8:00PM
THE SATURDAY EDGE
8:00AM-12:00PM
 Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways.
8AM-9AM: African/World roots **9AM-12PM: Celtic**
 music and performances.
GENERATION ANNIHILATION
12:00PM-1:00PM
 A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.
www.streetpunkradio.com
coadyburnsradio@yahoo.ca
POWERCHORD
1:00PM-3:00PM
 Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE
3:00PM-5:00PM
 From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban hump hump, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.
ELECTROLUX HOUR
5:00PM-6:00PM
BATTLE ZONE
6:00PM-7:00PM
 Each show will make you feel as though you're listening in on conversations between political insiders. As well, this guest and caller-driven program is guest from opposite ends of the corridor of public argument against one another in ho-holds barred debate that takes you behind today's headlines.
SHADOW JUGGLERS
7:00PM-9:00PM
 An exciting hour of Drum 'n' Bass with DJ's MP & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for giveaways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
9:00PM-11:00PM
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS
11:00PM-1:00AM
 Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Halcia and various guest performers/DJs. One-eye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then?
<http://plutonia.org>
EARWAX
1:00AM-4:00AM
 "noize terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needz on wa/rry chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.
REGGAE LINKUP
4:30AM-7:00AM
 Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

LISTEN TO CITR 101.9 FM! IT'S A MEGA-TUBULAR WAY TO MEET COOL BOYS AND/OR GIRLS!

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	6AM
7				SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)				7
8			HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)		END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)	8
9	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	FILL-IN	PLANET LOVERTRON (DC)	SKA-TS SCENIC DRIVE (SK)		9
10				EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)				10
11		MUSIC FOR ENTHUSIASTS (PW)	DISCORDER RADIO (EC)		FRIED UP (TX)			11
12PM			L.I.K.E. (TX)	ANNOZE (NO)	UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES (PO/RR)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PW)	12PM
1	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	BEATUP BOONIN (EC)	THE SHAME (TX)	STEVE & MIKE (HC)			1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	REEL TO REAL (TX)	FOR THE RECORD (TX)			POWERCHORD (MT)	2
3			FILL-IN					3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	SANBOX THEATRE (TX)	CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW (TX)	RADIO ZERO (EC)	CODE BLUE (RT)	4
5	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS (EC)	LA JARROQUE (PW)	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)		NARDWUAR PRESENTS (NW)	5
6	CHIPS WITH SHIRTTAILS (PW)	SAINT TROPEZ (PW)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD (EC)	PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (TX)	CITR NEWS AND ARTS (TX)	6
7	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF HITE BIKING (EC)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	AND SOMETHING VERY (PW/EC)	BLUE MONDAY (PW)		THE NORTHERN WISH (EC)	7
8				PRIMAL (TX)	JUCEBOX (TX)		AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	SALARIO MINIMO (WO)					9
10	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	VENUS FLITRAP (EC)	FOLK OASIS (RT)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	HOMELESS (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)	10
11AM			ESCAPISM (EC)					11AM
12AM	THE SHOW (HH)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)	12AM
1			AURAL TENTACLES (EC)		LAUGH TRACKS (TX)	THE ANTIDOTE (EC)		1
2				FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)			EARWAX (HH/DC)	2
3	FILL-IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES (DC/EC)			FILL-IN	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (EC)		3
4							REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	4
5								5
6								6

DC=dance/electronic • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hip-hop • HK=Hans Kloss • JZ=jazz
 LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Nardwuar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

Field Report: Zulu's August Garden Party

Metamorphize in Style with:

THE HIDDEN CAMERAS

Mississauga

Goddam CD

Returning with a sound that this time goes far beyond mere comparisons to *Belle and Sebastian*, *The Magnetic Fields* and *Meat Is Murder* era *Smiths*, Toronto's finest pop export offer their stellar follow-up to their breakthrough *Shout at the Devil*. Coming in at just over 41 gorgeous minutes, these 13 beautiful tracks of homoerotic baroque pop are an exquisite celebration of sensuality for all ears. Capturing the incredible energy of their technicolor live show, which resembles a gay-folk-church-dance-party, *The Hidden Cameras* "troupe take the party atmosphere into the studio as tracks like 'For Is Or' and 'Music Is My Boyfriend' build slowly only to climax into a full on rave up folk-rock eruption! This is s-e-x-y!"

CD 14.98

SUPER FURRY ANIMALS

Phantom Phorce 2CD

With only 500 copies of this deluxe version of *Phantom Phorce* floating around Canada, we suggest you quickly get on the bandwagon of this fairy space pop shaggy head. The last shot of the band was incredible, fully demonstrating their crazy concoction that encompasses super catchy prog ballads, crazy DJ electronics and a non-stop dance party. This deluxe edition (which should reach big box layons) features remixes by *Four Tet*, *High Llamas*, *Marlo Calabrese*, *J. Wauwauter*, *Boom Bip*, *Massive*, *Freilands*, *Zan Lyons*, etc. plus the super cool *The Slow Life* EP!

2CD 19.98 AVAILABLE AUGUST 10*

COMETS ON FIRE

Blue Cathedral CD

Comets on Fire? Yeah, it's a day for the top rock band, playing at their own annual aberrant music festival, playing music from their aberrant music. A side, what's down from the aching heart of their last studio release, but the new single handfuls of the moon and stars of the sunset of the aberrant music. They are the aberrant music. *Blue Cathedral* record is under, over, under, over, under, over, over, over, with chiming racket of guitars, drums and a drummed cello. *Julian Cocher* who is sometimes too drummers to think they are *Kath Mead*. Lead guitar and rhythm guitar at the same time with collision of feedback and heavy blues riffs. Rocks like *Scorpions* "Pagan Baby" without stint or moderation. *Julian Cocher* (Thanks to Lord Julian.)

CD 16.98

THE GOOD LIFE

Album of the Year CD

Take the advice of an avid turtle hunter: sometimes you've got to dig around a bit and get your nose dirty if you want to find a hidden gem beneath the surface. Likewise, with pop music coming out of the Nebraska neck of the woods, it might seem a wee bit difficult to determine what is good and worthy of many listeners. Well, *Tim Kasher* (Carville) has made heads a whole lot easier as he "Album of the Year" may well be just that. Burrow deep into the *Omaha Bright Eyes* scene and you will find *The Good Life* (which may reward) Reminiscent of "Good Don't Cry" are pure played through an emo ghetto filter, weaned on a tasty mix of Americana pop! We recommend you get a little of *The Good Life* in your life!

CD 16.98 AVAILABLE AUGUST 10*

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS

Kiss and Tell CD

When we last visited with Sweden's *Sahara Hotnights*, *Jennie Johanna*, *Josephine* and *Maria*, had just finished conceiving the world with the amazing recording *Jennie Bomb!* (It was suddenly in the "fast lane" and their dream of becoming a great rock'n'roll group was, quicker than you can say "these girls are better than *The Donnas*," becoming a very real possibility. Their edgy blend of new-wave and punkers were more infectious than their countrymen at *The Nines*, and after handling the support slot with *Dave Grohl's Foo Fighters*, these *Hotnights* proved they were the "real-thing" — blowing up as it hit our North American shores. So now a full two years in the making we have the next phase in their "master plan." Says *Josephine*, "We listened to a lot of *Pretenders*, *Big Star*, *Cheap Trick*, *Go-Go's*, *The Cars* and *Television* and it inspired us when it came time to make the next record." *Kiss & Tell* really kicks and it seems that the girls have had no problem with their new found success. *Maria* tells us, "You can't worry about that stuff (fame), if you do, you might as well be doing something else. So we wanted to make a record that was better than the last one. So we did."

CD 16.98

KINGS ON CONVENIENCE

Riot On An Empty Street CD

It is said that sunshine is the best antiseptic, cleansing *Lux* and *Mr. Clean* places, like a mirror for social life, glowing out brightly. *Kings on Convenience* is a band, clearing the clutter and cluttering up shards of so-called convenience. There is a refreshing humor to this gesture, a much-desired Dionysian counter to the age of pretenses and false propriety. What's ironic is that the cold and dead of a winter night has become a redemptive light like this. Some of *Kings on Convenience* is a fine line of normalcy and social decorum with a bemused, intelligent wit and charm, and bring us along for the ride. But most of all, they make sweet folk-pop music, somewhere between *Nick Drake* and *Belle and Sebastian*, with flashes of dance-wise style. Anticipated!

CD 19.98 AVAILABLE AUGUST 3*

M83

Dead Cities, Red Seas, and Lost Ghosts 2CD

They nicely attired bodies lie in a snow-covered field, fully arrayed, surrounded by spare sheets of dry grass. A frozen world rises in the distance, but so above grey and clouded, fixed by the cold. What is the curious scene? Where are these dead? Are they the corpses of some past show-gaze band like *MBV* or *Suicide* or *Silverhead*? Or perhaps these bodies are *Mogwai* or *Sigur Rós*, the best of the most recent to follow their dream-pop antecedents. But the answer to this riddle is suspended, a permanent question mark. While the band provides the clues, the audience of some event transpired, the solution to this puzzle is found in the stars. *M83* is a galaxy far off in time and space, so remote that it appears as a shadow of the past in the here and now, a flickering track. Appreciated in the present, this ethereal shadow is symptomatic of a clue that marks us out of time, a message from the past that arrives from the future, as though awaiting comprehension — a herald to be discovered only in retrospect. Ladies and gentlemen, here amongst the shadows, stars, and frozen dead, the future of rock/pop, renewed, and waiting.

2CD 19.98

THE BEANS

The Bassplayer CD

American playwright and novelist *Edward Wilson* once said, "We are likely to be disappointed by...hastiness of thought," thus validating the inevitability of a slight detour or circumlocution away from ideas, creative thought and artistic production. Indeed when spelunking through the chasm of sonic ideas, it is of supreme importance to find a cool cog on which to rest, recover, and gradually reformulate one's thoughts before ultimately deciding when to resurface and begin anew. On hiatus, Vancouver's *Beans* have delivered their finest (and greatest) baby, an epic four song soundscape that invites the blissful listener along their guide wire, deeper into the caves of estranged sound and twang, audience excellence!

CD 16.98

VARIOUS ARTISTS

CBC Radio 3 Session Vol 1 CD

The Canadian attitude — if there is such a thing — can be some times perplexing. It isn't awkward, exactly, but it isn't forthright, either. It is evident more as an afterthought, a broad disposition, not something fronted. When pushed to discuss this attitude openly, Canadians usually hem and haw, which provides a fine demonstration of the attitude itself under deliberation. Canadian music provides a unique insight into this self-reflection: it is often treated to a mild rebuke, a soft dissent or doubt. But really, if we examine the behaviour of Canadians, most actually sincerely love Canadian music. And it is enjoyed without hesitation, popular in the true sense of the word. Now is an especially good time for Canadian music, both locally and nationally, as this new great *CBC Radio 3* compilation makes abundantly clear. With exclusive tracks by the likes of *The Organ*, *The New Pornographers*, *Hot Hot Heat*, *Matilda*, *Beak 69*, *The Hidden Cameras*, and many more, this compilation leads by example, cancelling all past equivocation. Hoory for us.

CD 10.98

HOPE OF THE STATES

The Lost Riots CD

It's often best to look across the ocean for the most vivid hyperbole in popular music, from *Street Fighting Man* on. In the recent past, *Radiohead* captured a time that has hardened politically, surpassing their brainy melancholia. *Coldplay* make some charming tunes, but they're always been a *McCartney*, their air of sadness nice but not deep. *Mogwai* have the right attitude and musculature, but their objective is passive, enervating more than invective. Our own *Godspeal* wears their rich hats, but their message is obscured, somewhat by their lack of lyrics — what is the battle cry? Well, how accurate, perhaps, to politicized music, there is a sense of a political tension in the air, an urgency to be articulated, a demand for action. *Hope of the States* deploys in the middle of *Radiohead*, *Coldplay*, *Mogwai*, and *Godspeal*, setting up siege-towers of patriotism and atmosphere. Their anger is a beautiful noise. *Hope of the States* are poised to be the next big thing from England. But they capture more than a rising chorus of politicized skepticism and anger, they also ROCK the right way: with spine, energy, and outrage.

CD 19.98 AVAILABLE SOMEWHAT, FINGERS CROSSED

REISSUE OF THE MONTH: UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: United States of America CD

You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows. Zulu recommends the classic late '60s counterculture list item. *United States of America* is a double album of folk-rock songs by *Byrd* and *The Youngbloods*. *Dorothy Moskowitz*, the *United States of America* group, was to permanently hardwire spacey electronic music to the heart of rock and roll on their highly desirable, self-titled 1968 debut. *Byrd* is a televisual musical excursion, and *Gordon Lightfoot*'s searing violin orbit around the icy vocals of *Moskowitz*, who — with a passing resemblance to early *Jefferson Airplane* belt *John Anderson* — remains the group's central, steady as a rock. This heady mind-trip is reissued with the participation of both *Byrd* and *Moskowitz*, sports 10 amazing bonus cuts, comprehensively fascinating liner notes by *Byrd*, himself, and — newly mastered from the original master tape — *Moskowitz* herself. Recommended better.

CD 19.98 AVAILABLE AUGUST 10*

Chapped and Blistered? Some lip smacking relief.

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN — Books CDEP

DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN — Miss Machine CD/LP

HOLGAR BZUKAY & USHE — The New Millennium CD/LP

ROGUE WAVE — Out of the Shadow CD/LP

TANYA DOWNEY — Whiskey Tango Ghosts CD

THE DARKNESS — Love Is Only a Feeling CDEP

WHEELING CIRCUS DUB SOUND SYSTEM — Remixed: Dubwise CD

THE BRIEFS — Sex Objects CD/LP

J SWING — The Champ Is Here CD

!!! — Hello Is This Thing On? 12"

GUITAR WOLF — Love Rock CD

THE KINKS — Village Green Preservation 3CD



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